

The day before yesterday, at the graduation exercises, I suddenly ceased being bored when I noticed in the second row a little girl with a gypsy look that I couldn't take my eyes off of. The conviction of that little six-year-old. Her laughing eyes in a serious face; square chin, warm color of her cheeks; her hair, badly combed and too full, falls in a mass on her forehead. Compared with her, all the others seemed even more lamentably ugly. She was darkly dressed in a little dress of calico printed with a big plaid, very simple. You could feel that she was the poorest of all; everything combined to make me like her. She recited, then sang —always with the same warmth. That gave me a chance to read her name on the program: she is a little Lemaitre.

As soon as the ceremony was over, I saw her rush toward her parents, holding out a little red book and shouting: "Look! They gave me A WHOIJE PBIZE!"

In my vicinity people did not consider her pretty; Jeanne particularly went so far as to call her "frightful." And I was foolish enough to be hurt by this!

*It is not enough to be happy; I want others to know I am." So long as you think thus you will not be happy.

Paris, 8 August

Copeau, with whom I was dining, repeated a certain sentence that I supposedly said to him at Cuverville: "Even if the drama were to end in bloodshed, I do not know a single sentiment whose sincerity cannot be questioned."

I did not *acknowledge* that sentence (in the sense of "acknowledging a child"), yet did not disavow it; and yesterday, returning to the subject, I emphasized this: "The sensation is always sincere; it is the only guarantee of the authenticity of our sentiments; our sentiments are guaranteed by their physiological repercussions. Literature and

fine arts (in modern times) have, for their own
convenience, made
man a much more emotional creature than he is, or
than he was at
least, for very soon man began to conform to the
image that he was
offered of himself/

It is odd how the stock of *Humanity* has risen on the
market since
the Greeks, or even since Shakespeare. Nothing does
more harm to
drama than this excessive evaluation. This is quite
properly the very
subject of my *Sylla*.TM

²² If Gide ever wrote this work, it has not been
published.